

Exhibit F to Ferber Declaration
Part 2

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my team, and nearly ^{SIXTY}eight thousand dollars, made me feel like a Don, you know?

Everything was bagged up, so the only scenario left to orchestrate was our distribution plans, which were going to be revealed by Shawn in the morning. He had concocted a distribution scheme while we were connecting with June and his boys in Florida. Everyone over slept and did not awake until hearing a knock on the door from room service. We ordered lunch and then Shawn began detailing the plan. Check it out ya'll this is what we're going to do, he said as he began explaining. We are going to set four corners up with hand to hand sales, directly to the customer, selling the twenty dollar bags. I have two locations in the Spanish part of North Philly, he further explained, one at Eighth and Butler streets and the other at Fifth and Indiana Ave^{NUE}. Incidentally, these two corners would later become the two most notorious streets in Philadelphia, and the first to feature open air trafficking. He later detailed, I also got Fifty ^{Second} and Market street and Seventh and Snyder Avenue in motion. Now from a strategic marketing outlook, we will pretty much cover most of the city, as far as the cokeheads are concerned, but also, we are cutting the pockets of other dealers in that neighborhood. With that being a fact they would ultimately have to hook up with us or get the fuck out^{of} the game.

The three of us could only stare at Shawn as he continued speaking because who could honestly believe he could devise a strategy so simple but effective? Not to discredit his intelligence, but this shit was brilliant. I got a question, Mark announced, How in the fuck are we going to operate in Puerto Rican territory in

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North Philly and the Jamaican area in West Philly without those kids catching feelings? Oh, that's simple, Shawn replied, I have these two Puerto Rican boys name Angelo and Spel who we are going to pay to operate the two corners. Sort of like caseworkers, you know? Now see, he further explained, with having two Ricans running the show down there most people will believe it is their shit and be less likely to stir any trouble, get it?' I got you, Mark answered shaking his head up and down. It's not like we are going in this like bitches, but we are going to take the comment of the U.S. drug czar in consideration; when he stated that violent drug gangs don't last and take heed by being as nonviolent as possible. As far as the ~~Yardies~~ ^{Jamaicans are concerned}, we will have to cross that bridge when we get there, because you know those cowboys don't take no for an answer. So, with this gentlemen, our meeting is adjourned, Shawn stated as he stood up stretching. We left the hotel with Mark and I leaving with the weight and Shawn and Dante bouncing the other direction with the twenties.

The rest of the day I spent unpacking my clothes and later that evening Lakita and I took the train to NewYork to visit her cousin Ings and her boyfriend. The four of us went to see Lean on Me, then later on had dinner at Cheffy's, a popular Jamaican restaurant located in Brooklyn on Nostrand avenue. Lakita wanted us to spend the night over Ings house but I told her I had important business to tend to in the morning and I would make it up to her over the weekend during our stay at the hotel. Ings boyfriend Nasir agreed to drive us to the bus terminal on Forty Second street. As we were driving on West side highway the back tire of the car

suddenly blew out. While Ings steered the car, we both pushed it along side of the guard rails and began fixing the flat. We laughed all the way to the bus station about this embarrassing shit. I took a particular liking to Nasir and Ings because we shared many comrades judging by the little time the four of us spent together. Nasir, like me, was trying to establish himself in the game, in his neighborhood of Queens. But was unable to do so because of a group of older cats who had the borough on lock down. We exchanged phone numbers before we left, and I told him I would contact him if anything were to come up. We arrived in Philly at two thirty in the morning and took a taxi cab to South Philly.

Before meeting the boys the next day I walked to old head Sam's house to get a few words from him and to seek his opinion on this matter. He was tall, light skinned brother who had an unusual masculine build for a middle aged man. As he opened the door, the shinning of what appeared to be a thirty eight, could be seen wedged between his shirt and pants. What's up little brother? He greeted. After making him aware of what we were doing he gave me several suggestions of what he thought would keep us in business. First of all, he explained do not start buying a whole bunch of jewelery and cars once you start getting that money. That is what fucked up a whole lot of brothers. Also, remember to clean some of that dirty money by investing it back in to the neighborhood. You will be surprised how many of those other neighbors who called the cops on other motherfuckers protect your black ass because they know if you go down so will the community. The Italians have been doing that for years. And last, little

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brother, manipulate politicians by contributing to their campaigns. Politicians? I questioned. Your goddamned right, he emphatically answered. Look those cock-suckers make the laws so you know damn well they can twist and bend that shit when need be. And the type of business ~~you're~~^{YOUR} in you're going to need all the fucking political influence you can get. In that game you win some and you loose some, and then the game is over. The more Sam spoke the louder his voice raised and the more aggitated he seemed to become. I believe ~~him~~^{HIM} pondering the thought of how ~~he~~^{WE} and his cronies ~~had~~ fell off, made him react this way. Before he continued his lecture I reassured him that I would bear in mind his advise and pass it on to the fellas.

Traveling across town by way of taxi cab with over thirty thousand dollars in cocaine made me incredibly paranoid, but the others ~~seemed~~^{MAINTAINED THEIR} cool. Our first stop was on the second floor atop a Spanish restaurant on Indiana avenue where Spel and Angelo told us they'd be waiting for us. They received precise instructions to divide half of the seventeen thousand dollars in twenties and distribute them between the two corners accordng to the demand. In addition, every thousand dollars sold was immediately to be turned in by way of Mark or Shawn. How much are we going to get paid, bro? questioned Spel. Ya'll are going to start off by getting paid five hundred dollars per week, but as the corners grow, so will your salary, assured Mark. That's a bet or what? The two agreed and left the room with the dope. We packed up the other half of the dope and headed to Market street, then Snyder avenue. Following the same system we instituted in North Philly we emulated a very

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similar pattern in the other two sections. Now all of the leg work was completed and the only thing for us to do was to wait and begin collecting our money.

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Sixty six thousand and six hundred dollars is what was netted after two and a half weeks of being in business. Our debt of five thousand dollars owed to June was immediately returned to him upon selling the equivalent of cocaine. Also, an additional four thousand dollars was paid to the workers who diligently labored on the corners to establish our reputation. The word not only spread among customers but it permeated amongst other dealers in the city also, Angelo and Spel informed us that on many nights the demand would become so prevalent that as many as twenty cars would be lined up, as if it were the checkout line at the supermarket. We received corresponding reactions from Maurice and Big Tone, who established the South and West Philly corners. After three or four days of diminishing sales other hustlers commenced in questioning our street boys about purchasing wholesale quantities. We were not reluctant in doing so because their business inevitably would then be regulated by ours. Making them incapable of being legitimate competitors. Meanwhile, a meeting at the Marriot was called to count our money and discuss further plans.

Ant, we are going to leave the decision up to you as to how we should proceed from this point on, Mark said. With the guys designating me to officiate our purchasing plan made me feel significantly important, and drove my self esteem up to the ceiling. Before making a decision, I cogitated a conversation Sam and I partook in whereas he stressed upon reaching a goal before deciding to buy jewelry and cars. Look ya'll, we are trying to build something for the future, so I think it's only right to invest at least fifty thousand and the remainder of the profit be

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Divide by the four of us. How does that sound? Everyone agreed. So ~~Mark~~ you should contact June to let him know that we will be in Miami by tomorrow evening and to pick us up at the Airport. In the meantime, Dante and Shawn let everyone know that we'll be ^{back} in effect no longer than two days. How about if me and Shawn cop a big eight from Vinny to maintain the flow until you guys return, suggested Dante. That's a good ^{idea} ~~idea~~ because we wouldn't want to lose any money while we are gone. I contended. That's everything right? Let's be out. Oh, one last thing Shawn and Dante: If Vinny ask you about what we are doing or where we at, don't tell him shit it is none of his fucking business. I told them to say that because I knew if Vinny found out how lucrative our business was becoming, he probably would notify his peoples to issue a street tax. And we weren't prepared to go to war. Not yet anyway.

The next morning before leaving for the airport Lakita called to tell me she was coming ~~to stay over and~~ to say a few thing she had on her mind. The very minute I opened the door to allow her in, by her facial expressions, I knew an argument was imminent. Ant, before you open your mouth to say some dumb shit, where have you been and why the fuck haven't you've been calling me? She said while pointing. Lakita, look, I'm sorry but I've been busy as hell for the past two weeks. Busy? She questioned while rolling her eyes. You mean to tell me you been that busy you couldn't of picked up the ^{telephone} phone to call me? You know I do not want you into that type of stuff because you can go to jail or get killed, she continues. And furthermore, it is already messing up our relationship. Messing up our relationship, Lakita? Because I can't call you for a couple of day's means our relationship is messed up? I don't understand that. Well what about last weekend when you were supposed to rent us a room and spend the weekend with me? You just forgot all about that right? Look, Lakita this shit is for the birds. I have an

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airplane to catch and I'll talk to you when I get home. Don't just walk away from me while I'm talking to you, she said while grabbing my shoulder. Hey girl, don't make me put my hands on you. Didn't I tell you I'll talk to you when I get back? I won't be here for you when you get back; she emphasized while slamming the door. To this point, everything was going fine until she started bitching, but deep inside I knew she was right in what she was saying. So I couldn't be upset with her. There was no turning back now I'll have to make it up to her when I returned. Suddenly, a horn blew from outside and Marks voice could be heard shouting my name. I began loading the cab with my belongings and the money in suitcases then the driver pulled off. As he was nearing the corner Lakita was standing there talking to her girlfriend. I attempted to say something thru the window but before I could say a word she stuck up her middle finger and turned her back. Fuck it! I said to myself. I put my head on the seat, closed my eyes, and napped until we reached the airport.

As the airplane trekked through the picturesque skyline, I began thinking about how my life had suddenly changed so much in such a little amount of time. All the years of catholic education meant absolutely nothing because I had become the same self-destructible toxin of the hood, similar to those I used to despise and look down upon. The only justification for these demeanors was the rationalization that white America was not going to give me the opportunity to achieve anything and that is the sole reason for me doing what I'm doing. I wanted the finer attributes of life and I refused to endure the adversities sanctioned upon my grandparents in the south. Furthermore, I spurned attending college to acquire the craft of ass kissing and behaving as an Uncle Tom in corporate America. The only way of predicting the future was by creating it. So building upon this theory I put on my headphones, listened to a Funk Master flex tape, closed my eyes and eagerly waited to land in

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Florida. Once reaching Miami June met us at the airport then drove to a remote area in Ft. Lauderdale. The house we journeyed to was immaculate. It was a 46⁰⁰ acres; gothic structured building with two Olympic sized pools. Imported marble floors, a built ^{NEW} ^{STABLE} ~~in a~~ ~~area~~ surrounded by a ^{MAN MADE} ~~green watered~~ lake with ^{TROPICAL FISH} ~~an airstrip~~ nearby. From the moment we entered the premises my heart started racing and my lips quivered because never had I been in such a place that was so beautiful. Here is two city kids used to living in row homes all their lives now in the company of millionaires inside of a chateau. You guys are moving kind of fast stated June, while fixing martini's. Faster then what I anticipated, he continued. And because of that gentlemen, me and the bosses have some big plans for you guys. Big plans. The tree of us continued talking before hearing a car pull up into the driveway. That's my bosses. Guys excuse me for a second, he explained while walking to open the door the three men walked over to us shaking our hands and begun speaking Spanish as if we understood.

Que. pasa amigos, one of the older mentored. He said what's up? June smilingly translated. Por favor sientate, the man voiced while motioning his hand toward beauteous settee. Mark and I gazed upon one another because once again we could not interpret what was said. Please sit down, is what he said, June once again translated. This is Don Delgado, senior Martinez, and senior Antonio Cruz, he introduced. My bosses recognized how quickly the material was sold. The prompt repayment of your debt, and wish to effectuate a marriage admits our organizations. Were a vast group that is expanding along the east and West Coast? With restaurants, car dealerships, social organizations, and very strong ties to the Spanish comminutes. He continued and it would be in our best interest to see to that the brothers are embraced. For years the Italians, Greeks, and the Jews have been privileged to enjoy the fruits of our labor and now is the time for us to get a

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piece of the pie. I don't know how much money you guys came with but if you would accept the generous offer proposed by my bosses, you would find this journey the most significant expedition of your lives. What is the proposition, Mark questioned. How much money did you guys bring to be invested? Fifty thousand dollars, I answered. Cincuenta Mel Deneros, he then revealed to the bosses. For a moment he paused for the fifty thousand dollars you can purchases ten kilos and we are going to advance an additional ninety squares for forty five thousand dollars. Which would be in the arrears. Do you think that would be equitable, June queried. It sounds good to me. ~~He~~ replied, Well if everyone agrees to these terms June commented. It's a done deal. Bien venedo a la familia, Don Delgado, expressed while shaking me and Marks hand. June took the money and walked to the back of the estate. Then indicated for us to remain ~~plaid~~ ^{plaid} for a ~~couple of minutes.~~ ^{FEW MINUTES.}

Twenty minutes passed before June and his cronies returned with ten suitcases. Here is everything guys, he said upon returning. I have arranged for two girls along with Senior Antonio Cruz to have the ^{rest of the} material waiting for you guys ^{MR. CRUZ IS A PROMINENT BUSINESSMAN IN THAT} by the time you reach Philadelphia. Here is an address of a restaurant we own in Far Rockaway Queens, New York so ^{AREA} you shouldn't have any problems with the policia. Once ^(SWE) you arrive in Philly contact Cheryl and Sandy two beautiful girls who operate a modeling agency for us. Let them know you affiliated with us and they'll know what to do. Guys your ride should be arriving shortly to escort you to the airport. The ^{*}tree men left the estate while June, Mark, and I loitered in the driveway. The stretched Lincoln Town Car pulled alongside of the entrance and the driver packed our belongings in the trunk of the limousine. Before leaving June tapped on the on the window of the tinted glass and spoke his last words. This is an opportunity of a lifetime so let's keep everything legit. The first time you fuck us will be the last. Son solo negocios, nada personal he expressed in Spanish. It is

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only business, nothing personal. We then headed to the
airport.

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Show stoppers modeling agency. How may I help you? Hi How are you doing My name is Anthony, may I speak with Cheryl or Sandy? Please hold, the female receptionist retorted. I was kept on hold for a couple of minutes before a women with a sensual voice answered. This is Cheryl how may I help you? Hi Cheryl this is Anthony from Philadelphia, I replied. Hey what's up, she yelled while picking up the receiver taking me off speaker phone. I have spoken with Mr. Cruz, and I will be meeting you guys at the travel lodge hotel in Mount Laurel New Jersey, tomorrow at ten o'clock sharp. The room number is suit fifteen o seven, okay baby? She rushingly said. All right then Cheryl; we'll see you I responded before hanging up the phone. The conversation went by so fast that I was unable to ask her for directions to get to Mount Laurel. Mount Laurel was not that far from Philly so I did ^{not} prognosticate having too much of a problem finding the place with help from the other guys. Later that night Mark, Shawn, and Dante went to a seventy sixers game while Lakita and I stayed at a hotel for the evening. I promised to spend more time with her when I came back so I kept my word. The next morning arrived with the boys picking me up at the hotel with a rented uhale truck. I gave Lakita five hundred dollars to catch a taxi home and later to go to Caesar's ^{PALACE} place in Atlantic City to get us a pair of Gucci sneakers. Be careful baby and I love you, she said to me while blowing a kiss getting into the taxi. Who are these bitches we are supposed to be meeting in N. J. Shawn questioned. They aint no bitches replied Mark. They are two girls who ^{work} ~~here~~ for the Colombian's that ^{own} ~~operate~~ a modeling agency in New York. Suppose these bitches are setting us up Shawn stupidly questioned. Setting us up for what Dickhead? Mark answered, you ain't nobody Mother Fucker. So shut the hell up and enjoy the ride. Once we arrived at the travel lodge, two fine sisters dressed in business like attire answered the door. Yall must be the guys from Philly, the well figured light skinned sister replied, here is the keys for the truck that

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is parked adjacent to the red Mercedes car with the New Jersey license plate. The material is properly stored in the fruit baskets in the rear of the truck. After saying that, the two of them walked to the Mercedes, waited for us to pull off then drove the opposite direction. Shawn and Dante drove the truck with the Cocaine in it while Mark and I followed immediately behind them. The reasoning for us following directly behind them so the highway cops would not tailgate or no one else for that matter. Once crossing the Walt Whitman Bridge, we continued on I-95 north to the Northeast section of Philadelphia. Where Shawn and Dante had rented an apartment, so we could allocate and stock piles our goods. Spell, Angelo, Big Tone and Maurice was already at the house and begun unloading the crates when we arrived. What the Fuck is all of the Shit, Angelo questioned? I'll tell you guys later, I replied. Just unload everything and park the truck in the back. We counted all the Kilos, which totaled to be One-Hundred and ten bricks. ^{TEN}Two more then was suppose to be. Oh shit, we got ten extra Keys for ourselves, Dante excitingly said. No, you dumb Fuck. I rebutted you did not make a mistake with ten keys, this is just a test of certitude. Mark, immediately contacted Senior Cruz, to make him aware of this mistake, I instructed. Let me know what he says. Mark returned to say that Mr. Cruz apologized for the honest mistake and as a gesture of good will to keep the extra for ourselves. See I told you so, I explained they only scrutinizing our principles, how are we going to distribute all of this, Dante wandered. Fifty of the Kilos are going to be bagged in twenties, but double the size as the last time, the other fifty kilos are going to be wholesaled.

How about the additional ten kilos that were given by Mr. Cruz, Mark questioned. We all take two a piece for ourselves and with the other two save them as a back up in case of an emergency, Dante explained. Lets start bagging boys. It took us over forty-eight grueling hours to bag up all of the shit. The total was one point eight

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million dollars ~~in twenties~~ in twenty dollar bags and seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars of wholesale material if we sold each kilo for fifteen thousand dollars to other dealers. That excluded the other two kilos we each had a piece from the over-shipped delivery. By selling all of this dope would make us immediate millionaires. But with everything goin so fast I did not realize how well to do we've become.

Big Tone, Maurice, Spell and Angelo no longer worked on the corners they were made street bosses in charge of collecting money, delivering material and reporting directly to us. They checked the corners, we checked them and the Colombians checked us. We were now one big family. After a week of the material being on the street the whole city was in an uproar. No one has ever seen the quality or quantity of cocaine that was now flooding the streets of Philadelphia. Other dealers never knew the source of the supply, the law had no idea of any connection and the junkies were happy. We made forty-five thousand in the first week and immediately drove the money to New York to Mr. Cruz. He said it was safer to bring the money to New York as opposed to western union it Miami. During the weekend the eight of us drove to Albany New York where Don Delgado owned a car dealer ship to purchase new cars. Me, Mark, Dante and Shawn bought late model convertible for mustangs equipped with telephones. While Tone, Spell, Angelo and Maurice bought kitted up Audi five thousands. The sight of eight brand new cars turned the heads of everyone who traveling on the expressway that evening. We drove around the city showing off our new whips and acting like big boys. The next day Lakita and I drove to New York to visit Ings and Nasir and go shopping in Manhattan. We met them at Port Authority on Forty Second Street then headed to Blooming Dales. Damn nigga you came up, Nasir said. Where did you get this fly ass car from kid, he questioned. We'll talk, I explained to him. After spending about Ten Thousand dollars on

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clothes and fat gold chains Ings and Lakita suggested we stay at a hotel in New Jersey and go home in the morning. The two girls went swimming in the pool inside of the plush hotel while me and Nasir talked.

Check this out Nasir, I began to explain. Me and my boys ran into a little bit of luck and I want to you and your crew out like I promised. Do you have any boys that could move any coke? I questioned. Fuckin real, Nasir answered. I know mad niggas in Marcy, Queensbridge, and parkhill that want to get money but can't get their hands on shit. He explained. Alright look Nasir I'm going to give you two bricks and you do what you have to do. To get on. But when you finished you owe me twenty thousand dollars and you have to keep buying from me. Is it a deal? Hell's yeah, he excitingly answered. One last thing Nasir, don't say anything to the girls about this shit alright? Ings is a good girl so take care of her and do right by her and fuck all them other borough bitches, okay. Thanks Ant, he said I promise I won't screw you. The girls arrived in the room from the pool, Y'all better not be talking about no bitches, Lakita said. Stop acting jealous girl and let's go to bed. The next morning we dropped off Ings and Nasir home and headed back to Philly. On the way home a lot of thoughts were traveling through my head, but the most important issue that stuck in my mind was Nasir. For some odd reason I looked upon him as the little brother I never had, and never did want anything to happen to him. That is why I chose to help him out. While driving on the turnpike I glanced at Lakita and noticed she had fallen asleep holding my hand. My baby was happy and so was I. As I looked at her face it seemed to have a glow and she appeared to have gained a few pounds, maybe it was my imagination. The next day as I was walking to the corner store to pick up a newspaper, Sam yelled from across the street to tell me to come over. I see you bought a new car, a lot of jewelry and some fancy clothes, he stated. You know what Ant, he continued you remind me of

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myself when I was your age, he declared. Sam, that's quite a compliment coming from an old-timer like you, I replied. No son, that's a warning. Didn't I tell you before not to go buying all that fancy shit because it's only going to draw the man to you. Yeah Sam, I explained but damn can't I look good. Alright don't listen to me little brother, he emphasized, a hard head makes a soft ass he mumbled as he walked away. Fuck him is what I thought to my self, he probably was upset because I dressed better than he did and I drove a better car.

Within thirty days we made over five hundred thousand dollars to purchase again. So we contacted Mr. Cruz, and followed the same routine meeting Cheryl and Sandy in New Jersey. Nasir came to Philly with another one of his homeboys named Sadat to pick up what I had promised him. I sent big Tone with the two key loads to meet him at the Amtrak station on Thirteenth Street. While getting a hair cut at the Philadelphia Hair Company, the most frequented barber shop amongst high rollers, Lakita paged me leaving nine one one as a code, I called immediately then headed across town to see what the problem was. Anthony, I'm pregnant she cried as I walked on the porch. What do you want me to do she questioned? I want you to have the baby, I answered. But Ant, you know I cannot stay in my parent's house with a baby, she explained. Don't worry about it baby, I planned for us to buy a house in Wynnefield, I assured her. I love you Anthony. I told the boys that Lakita was pregnant and the first issue that came up was who the Godfather was going to be. We already designated Nasir and Ings to be the Godparents, so that would end the confusion. Meanwhile, Maurice told Shawn and Dante that he was having problems with a rival dealer named Pete who was robbing our houses and threatening our customers. We drove to West Philly picked up Maurice, then told him to point out the guy who was responsible for sticking up our houses. After riding around for an hour Maurice pointed to a short,

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stocky built guy standing on the corner in front of a deli. I'll handle him Mark stated, while exiting the car. Excuse me cus, may I talk to you for a minute? And who in the fuck are you, the guy answered. Look man, I don't want any more problems with you fucking with my business, Mark said while brandishing his nine millimeter. Alright, that's cool brother he said looking back as he walked away. You got this one. Mark hopped into the car, and we pulled off. Leaving Maurice on the corner of Fifty Second Street.

By the time we reached South Philly, Maurice Mother called my house and left a message that he had gotten shot in the head, stomach and chest. So we went to the hospital to check the condition of Maurice, and was told he was currently undergoing surgery. An example needs to be made of this motherfucker, Mark yelled. If we don't do anything everyone will play us for pussy's and rob us every time they need money. Yeah, something has to be done, but not right away because they will know we had something to do with it, and in turn will bring unnecessary heat on us. What do we do then, Shawn questioned? I don't know right now but I'll think of something. I dropped the guys off at their houses and drove home. While parking the car an older gentleman carrying a bucket approached the vehicle and asked could he wash the car to earn a few dollars. Go-ahead oldman I said. How much money are you paying me he questioned? I'll give you ten dollars, I replied. Ten dollars, he asked in amazement? Can I make this a permanent job, the old man jokingly asked? As he washed the car, he began lecturing about life. You seem like a very nice young man, he complimented. The neighborhood has obnoxiously changed because of the drugs and the crime. If black folks learned to respect one another and was conversant of our inborn capabilities, our social status would greatly be enhanced. Especially here in America, he lectured everyone is running around valuing cars, jewelry and all the materialistic things in

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the world and forgetting to cherish the best fruit of the orchard, and that is life. He continued to speak upon how living in the ghetto was the best thing to happen to him because it prepared him to cope with the ills of society outside of it. To look at him, one would never believe he was as intelligent as he spoke. While gathering his cleaning supplies, he paused and looked directly in my eyes, You know what young man, he groaned, I've watched you grow since you were yay big and I know that you come from a well respected family, who gave you the best education. Now selling them drugs, and living that fast life is like having credit cards he explained. It's a lot of fun until you receive the bill. Now can I get paid young fellow, he questioned. I paid the ten dollars owed to him, then asked his name before leaving. You can call me whatever you want, but don't call me late for dinner. He laughed then walked away, I never saw him again, but his wisdom regarding life remained with me forever.

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The new Tommy fucking Gibbs, a voice shouted. Yo Ant it's me Vinny, cupcakes. Remember me? South Philly? Come here, I want to talk to you for a minute. It seemed a little strange to be spotted by him in the busy section of Center City during mid afternoon. Me and the boys were downtown shopping and picking up the diamond rings we ordered from this Jewish Jeweler who ^{WAS LOCATED ON THE ELITE BLOCK OF JEWELERS' ROW} we previously spent thousands of dollars with. Vinny lit up a cigarette then began conversing about the days of us working together at the Italian Market years ago. I anticipated this conversation leading to an incongruous one. You know what, It sure did. Ant, I'm gonna cut through the bullshit and let you know what's up, he said. Word through the grapevine is you and your boys over there are moving some big shit all through the city and I believe in all fairness, we should get a piece of the pie also. We don't touch that shit anymore, he explained. We left that to the spics and to you guys. I am not going to go in to detail about how they pay, but they do. And it's only right you boys do the same. You have to remember, my people are the ones who own the shipping docks and let those banana eating motherfuckers bring that junk here. Capish, he emphasized while pressing his index finger and thumb. Are you finished, I questioned. First of all, this is not the fucking seventies Vinny, and we ain't paying you shit, capish? Vinny, I knew you most of my life and I know you are no more than a spoiled punk ass white boy who was handed everything from your father. Now if you want to start a war, make a move. But remember one thing, if you want ass you are going to have to bring ass. And I am prepared to bring mine, are you? He threw down his cigarette, stared me in the face then walked away. I knew by the way he departed it was not going to be the end right there but were not paying anyone shit or taking anyone's shit. The chips would have to fall where they lay

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What the fuck did Vinny want, Shawn questioned as I was walking towards them. Nothing, I replied. I didn't want to alert the guys as to what was said because they were not as passive as I, and they would undoubtedly strike first. I wanted to avoid as much unnecessary trouble as possible. We continued shopping then picked up our rings. They were certified two and a half carat flawless round cut white diamonds valued at thirty two thousand dollars a piece. The initials N.R.P was ambidextrously engraved inside of the gem. The initials, N.R.P., which stood for Nubian Ruled Plutocracy, would later become one of the most recognized names in the city associated with transgression. When I returned home Nasir was on the corner shooting dice with some of the boys from down the street. He brought this wild girl named Kimmy J. from Brooklyn to transport the dope from here to New York on the Greyhound bus. This is my gangsta bitch, Nasir unwittingly uttered making Kimmy angry. I ain't no bitch, she came back with. If I am a bitch call me miss bitch okay, The bold girl yelled. Kimmy had braids, this made her look exceptionally young but her large firm breasts would reveal she was of age to be screwed. Her tiny waist, plump ass, and curvy hips would entice any married man to consider cheating on his wife. I was no different. Kimmy give me your phone number and maybe we could get together from time to time. From time to time, she sarcastically queried. Well where is your woman? She's probably out with your man; I answered, as she burst into laughter. We talked a while longer before Nasir became impatient and rudely ended our conversation. After completing me and Nasir transaction, the two departed from the bus terminal by way of cab. Before leaving Kimmy and I exchanged phone numbers and planned a weekend rendezvous in Atlantic City. No dough, no show, she hollered shaking her head and pointing her finger. While entering a taxicab, I could only stare and smile in amazement. I had previously promised Lakita to spend the weekend with her because she claimed the baby was

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giving her complications and yearned for my comfort. There was no way in hell I was over looking my date with this sweet young girl to be with Lakita who was probably making the complications story up any way. Even though I love Lakita, because of my new fangled wealth, slowly I was falling out of love with her. Kimmy, alike many other girls now seemed to capture my foremost interest.

A meeting was held later in the evening to discuss possible revenge for Maurice getting shot. I suggest we go and kill that mother Fucker ^{Nasir} Pete, Mark voiced. Me too, Shawn and Dante agreed. No way do we kill this asshole because of this petty shit, I replied. I suggest we let this incident as such occurs then we do something about it. I'm not ready to abandon all of this shit by doing life in prison because he wounded a motherfucker that I'm not even related to. That is plan stupid. Alright fellows, make this one history, Mark groaned. But the next incident will be his ass, and that my word! The meeting was over, and then I met Lakita at her house and spent the night at a luxurious hotel on City Ave. While making love to her, I came upon the strangest occurrence. The entire time I was stoking her my mind was on Kimmy. The next morning I was abruptly awakened by a screaming voice in the room. Who the fuck is Kim, Ant she hollered. She found the phone number in my pants while digging for money to pay for breakfast she claimed. Awe baby, that a girl who works for Nasir and asked me if I could help her locate an apartment here in the city. So I told her I would call her if I bumped into something, baby that's all I pleaded. You have become such a fucking liar Ant, she softly whispered as tears began to fall. All of my girlfriends say they occasionally see you driving other girls around. Them bitches are lying and only attempting to brake us up, I intervened before allowing her to continue speaking. The truth is baby; I love you so much and would never allow anyone to come between us. Do you understand

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that? Holding her soft hands I lied. Yes, I understand, she replied agreeing to give me a hug. I have a surprise for you next week Lakita. A very big surprise. Ant, please tell me what it is. Nope, not until next week. From the look on her face I noticed that she was relieved by what I had told her. Deep inside I knew I was wrong, but as long as she was happy so was I.

On Friday morning we made the usual trip to New Jersey to meet with Cheryl and Sandy. The girls bought a double load this time without warning, because Mr. Cruz flew to Colombia to visit family, and was not returning for two or three weeks. Since we were unaware of Mr. Cruz sudden vacation until now, we brought only enough for one load. Instead of the girls returning to New York with the same dope we ill advisedly accepted the material and promised to foot the bill on the next transaction. This proved to be an erroneous decision because for a bizarre reason, while breaking down the two hundred bricks, we discovered half of them were below par grade. Dante called Sandy and Cheryl to inform them of the surprise can of worms we picked up and for them to contact the Colombians immediately. Since we were no longer being fronted any dope because we were able to flat out pay for the goods; this probably was an ingenious ploy by them to keep us in arrears. As long as we owed them we'd be compelled to purchase their material. A sense of urgency on their part could have come to be because their prices had significantly increased since the beginning of the nexus and deemed a new connection would be sought. Within two hours June phoned the girls and relayed the message from Mr. Cruz for us to keep the cocaine and he would clear up the problem when he returned to New York. He knew we would have to do so because if we didn't after the first week we would be depleted of our material, and set to loose an enormous amount of gravy. We were supplying some guys from Norfolk, Richmond, Durham, Atlanta and Boston so with the defected bricks we consigned it to

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them, which increased their stock and secured our debt. One hundred bricks ^{At} and fifteen thousand dollars apiece promised a million and a half for our cartel.

On Saturday me and Kimmy reserved a luxurious suite at the Taj Mahal in Atlantic City for the remainder of the weekend. We spent the day shopping in the boardwalk and gambling in the casino. While we were in the ^{RALLY'S!} Gucci shop Lakita's mother paged me and informed me that her daughter was in labor and wanted me to get there as soon as possible. Kimmy was having such a good time there was no way of telling her I was leaving, so I phoned my little sister and asked her to accompany Lakita in the hospital. Also, I Told her if Lakita questioned as to where I was to inform her that I was in Florida awaiting the next flight. By that evening me and kimmy spent nearly fifteen thousand dollars between shopping and gambling. While relaxing in a luxurious hotel room Kimmy graced the floor in a rich satin jacquard robe, exquisitely finished with a satin charmeuse shawl collar and cuffs. Under the robe featured a gold venice laced bra with a matching thong bikini. We made love all night. Her loving fell nothing short of what I expected. The feeling of her tight walls and the taste of her love kept me ^{NASIR} horny all night. The next morning we immediately started where we left off. Baby, are you enjoying your self, she softly whispered as she was licking my balls? I'm thirsty, I want you to give me something to drink, she moaned. Almost immediately after hearing that I ejaculated like never before, entirely in her mouth. All I could do afterwards was lay in the bed and twiddle my toes. I want to see you again, she stated. You will, I assured her. I don't want you carrying shit for Nasir anymore, Kimmy, I demanded. Before you leave I'm going to give you twenty thousand dollars for a new car and an apartment. Twenty thousand dollars, she questioned in amazement. And what else do you want from me, she joked while hugging me. Then she went down again. It was check out time and kimmys

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limo back to New York had arrived, but before leaving she thanked me for a wonderful weekend and looked forward to hearing from me soon.

I drove back to Philly to learn that I had a six pound eight ounce beautiful baby girl born on Saturday night. Lakita named her Shatora Amani Preston. Before reaching the hospital I bought some balloons and a card for her and the baby. As soon as I entered the room, her mother rolled her eyes at me then walked out of the room. Some bitch was more important to you than seeing your first child being born, Lakita sobbed after refusing to let me hold the baby. Lakita, don't start, I begged. Do not start making false accusations, this is not the place nor the time. The baby was light skinned like Lakita, but had my eyes and nose. Dante, Mark and Shawn arrived at the hospital with more balloons and bad news. I was told ^{Lakita} Pete and his boys robbed two of our four houses for over seventy two thousand dollars and two key loads. If we would have handled this shit from the get go, this shit would have never happened, Mark emphasized. While you were out of town boning that bitch, we were getting robbed, Shawn belted out. This is all my fault, I responded. What the fuck are y'all, the three stooges or something? From Lakita arguing and those motherfuckers attitudes, I had an enormous headache then angrily left the hospital.

I went straight home and called Kimmy to tell her I needed to see her right away. I devised a plan on how we were going to handle this bullshit with ^{Lakita} Pete and his boys, and it included Kimmy's help. Dante called Kobe and Eddie, to crips from Van Nuys whom he befriended in California, and flew them in town immediately. Everything was set up to take place at Cosmi's, an exquisite

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Italian restaurant on the South Side, on Friday night. We had an exceptionally busy week for some odd reason. We sold double of what we usually sell during the week. By Thursday, the million and a half we had ~~con~~signed to the out of towners had been paid in full. We paid the Colombians their money and divided the remainder by the four of us. On Friday night I sat at Cosmi's and waited for Kimmy and ~~Pete~~ ^{Asa} to enter the restaurant. That previous Wednesday Kimmy drove to Philly and Pete was pointed out. Her job was to get acquainted with him and lure him to the restaurant on Friday night. She did exactly that. As her and Pete entered the crowded room, she lead the way to a table in the back of the restaurant, which was strategically planned because it hindered the chances of Pete successfully escaping. Ironically, that part of the hit was implemented by Kimmy. She seemed to enjoy being a part of this more than I did. I sat at an adjacent table with my back towards them, but was able to eavesdrop on their conversation. Pete, you wear expensive clothes and have a very nice car, she conivingly complimented. It wasn't always like this baby, the soon to be dead man replied. I paid my dues. I know you have mad women, she voiced in her New York accent. Well you know, a true player is hard to find but they're easy to recognize, he arrogantly quoted. That is why I meet alot of bitches. I gave Kimmy the signal to let her know that now was the time to begin executing the plot. The conversation at their table suddenly changed as Kimmy's manipulative persona suddenly took affect. All of you niggas is stressing me the fuck out, she uttered out of the blue. Stressing you the fuck out, he ques-

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tioned. Hell, I just met you, bitch. Bitch, is that what you called me mother fucker, she said. As she continued speaking a waiter approached the table to inform her she had a courtesy call at the booth. Some days you're going to be the pigeon, and some days you are going to be the statue, pussy, she sarcastically warned him as she walked away. He sat in a state of confusion and waited for her return. About two minutes passed and then Kobe and Eddie approached his table. Prdon me duke, these seats are taken, he informed them. We did not come here to talk motherfucker, the gunmen coould be heard saying, while drawing thier automatic weapons. ^{JASST}Ree was hit with over fifty rounds in the head, neck and chest, and died immediately. The crowded restaurant panicked and ran towards the exits. I blended in the crowd and managed to leave safely.

The four of us met at a hotel in Cherry Hill New Jersey where the gunmen recieved their five thousand dollars pay and where me and Kimmy spent the night. How did I do tonight daddy, she asked of her role. You did a good job baby, and you know what comes along with doing a good job, right? Yeah, I get paid, she jokingly replied but serious. She recieved ten thousand dollars, not so much for what she had done but for the way she made me feel. I was more comfortable with her than I was with Lakita. The next morning, after crossing the Walt Whitman bridge, I purchased a newspaper to see if the incident had recieved any media attention. It did, and police had no suspects nor a motive. A perfect hit! We celebrated that evening by giving all of the workers the night off, and hosting a lavish party at the Marriott, with ten Oriental and Swedish escorts from Manhattan.

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Lakita was paging me all of the night, but I ignored her calls and continued partying. It felt good being on top and having all of my boys around me.

What more could a man ask for? We had all of the women, cars and jewelry money could buy. We were bringing in so much loot the fifty thousand dollars of ones and five dollar bills, that was grossed after each completed shipment was usually spent on women. No one ever realized, in the mid eighties until the early nineties that car dealerships, clothing retailers, jewelry stores and bailbondsmen here in Philadelphia grossed the top revenues of every major city across the globe for nearly five years, all because of us. Even the police department was receiving a piece of the action. What they weren't earning by going to court because of the increasing drug arrests, either was on our pay roll or were stealing from the boys. Later investigation of the police department undoubtedly proved just that. We were the new brokers in the city of brotherly love. Our money was stacked so high, if we'd jumped off it we'd be committing suicide.